

A Part of You

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Only Chapter

Chapter 1 of 1

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"What are *you* doing here?" Ron Weasley asked incredulously as a willowy girl with long black hair and a pale face...dressed in a tattered Slytherin uniform...dropped to her knees next to Fred's body.

She paid him no attention, simply reaching out to place a hand on Fred's cheek. "Is this a joke?" she asked, her voice only a whisper. All those around watched in silence as tears spilled down her cheeks. "Fred?"

Ron cleared his throat and again asked, "Why are you here? I thought all your lot left the castle...afraid to fight with us." It was clear that her actions made him suspicious.

Hermione pulled him back slightly. "Leave her be," she said quietly. "Look at her face."

"Were you one of my son's mates?" Mrs Weasley asked.

"I... yes." She nodded. "Yes." Her last word was nothing more than a choked sob.

Mrs Weasley kneeled down with her, eyes still red and puffy from her own shed tears. "What's your name, dear?" she asked kindly.

"Daphne," she managed. "Daphne Greengrass."

"And how did you know Fred? From his days at school?"

Ginny looked at Ron with wide eyes, obviously as shocked as he that the girl was openly mourning for their brother...a Slytherin girl at that and one that had never even glanced their way or gave them a kind word. When Ron shrugged and turned to look back down, Ginny looked at George questioningly.

George, who had been resting his head in his hands, looked up. "Daphne," he said, scooting over to her and wrapping his arms around her. The girl broke down, wailing sorrowfully, causing everyone to tear up once again.

It seemed that only George knew why Daphne was there, and it was apparent that they were quite close.

"Why? Why?" she asked repeatedly.

"Got toppled by a wall, love, but look, he's still got a smile on his face. He was happy till the end." He gave her a bright smile that didn't quite reach his eyes, as he'd lost

the one person he could always count on...his best friend, his closest sibling, part of himself.

"I tried to come back through the passage, but it wouldn't let me," she said sadly. "I told my mum and dad the truth. They said for me to scurry back with the other rats...where I obviously belonged." She wiped both cheeks with her hands. "I didn't even get to say goodbye. Why'd he make me go with the others? I could have done something."

"He was scared you'd be hurt." George pulled away from her and looked down at her body. His hand drifted to her stomach affectionately. "He wanted both of you safe."

At this, many people spoke at once. "What?" "Eh?" "Oh no..."

"She's Fred's girl," George said, rising and pulling her up with him, holding her protectively.

"Since when?" Mrs Weasley asked. "He said nothing to us about it."

"She couldn't really go round telling anyone, could she? Not with the Carrows and the others about all the time." He shook his head sadly. "Came round to buy something from our shop, and they hit it off." His eyes met Daphne's. "I tried my luck, but it was Fred who won her fancy that day."

Daphne looked back down at Fred. "We had so many plans. What do you want me to do now?" Her voice was laced with shock and disbelief.

"And when you said 'both of you,' George," Mrs Weasley asked, "what did you mean?"

"I'm pregnant," Daphne said firmly, gazing at Mrs Weasley as if daring her to proclaim otherwise. "Four months only." She pulled a chain from beneath her scorched blouse. It had a small, yet lovely, ring dangling from it. "He wanted to marry me."

"Sure he did. We never heard about you," Ron blurted rudely, only to have Hermione kick him deftly in the shin. "Ow, what'd you do that for?"

"And your parents are unhappy about this?" Mrs Weasley prodded.

The girl looked around the room. "I don't see them in here. They were...out there...wouldn't come with me." She nodded towards the entrance. "With the Dark Lord."

"Death Eaters!" Ron said.

"Yes."

"And you love my brother?" This came from Percy, his voice shrill. "It's them what's done this to him!"

"But / didn't do anything to him!" she said loudly, suddenly angry. "I cared for him a great deal and was planning a future with him! I chose him over my family! Now I have nothing."

"You have me," George said promptly.

"And us," Mrs Weasley said, opening her arms to the girl. "We'll be your family now."

Daphne went to her gratefully, and both women began sobbing and rocking slightly, each trying to soothe the other. As if nothing odd had happened, the family went back to mourning the loss of Fred...unfazed at having a new member join them, all accepting her.

George approached Daphne after Fred's funeral when she'd gone off for a walk alone. "All right?"

"No," she said honestly. "Just thinking at how ironically this all turned out."

"Want to talk about it?"

"It's just that he was the first person to accept me as I am. I didn't have to put on any airs with him. He gave me the courage to stand up for what I believed in, though I did it a bit late, didn't I? I should have been with him."

"Then you and the wee one might have been killed, too, Daphne. Don't you think he'd rather it this way if he'd had to choose?"

She nodded, tossing her windblown hair away from her face. "I know he would. It still hurts." Her hand drifted down to her soft stomach, which wasn't much more than a small lump. "I wish they could have known each other. It all happened so fast when I found out, and then he told me that we should be married. Now he'll never hold the baby."

"He'll be watching over you two. You can bet on that."

"I wish that my parents could have met him. They might have changed their minds about things. I'm sure of it." She frowned. "I can't believe they'd rather disown me than to admit they've been wrong."

"Sod them," he said, pulling her into his arms. "When he asked me, I told Fred I'd watch over you if anything happened, and I aim to do it."

Daphne tilted her head up and smiled. "Having you is like having him, yet not really. You know?"

George grinned. "Well, I am a bit holier than he is. Get it? Holier? The hole where my ear used to be?"

She laughed out loud. "Still going on about that then?"

"Yeah. It's always good for a laugh." He touched her cheek. "And having you here is like having part of him, too."

They gazed at each other for a moment and then simply embraced.

Living at the Burrow had been the best thing to ever happen to her. She was given the twins' old room so that she could feel close to Fred, and Mrs Weasley had told her many stories about their past antics that she didn't know about. The family had taken her in so easily, and she tried to do what she could around the house to pay them back for it.

"Dear, you really should go into Diagon Alley with Arthur today."

"I'm saving the Galleons I have," Daphne said, not wanting to accept charity. "I'll need to buy the baby's things, and then I..."

Hands on her hips, Molly said, "We'll help with that I told you! I've many things that you can use, having had seven of my own. What you need right now are robes that fit you. You're nearly seven months along now and stretching these to the limit as it is. Why not be comfortable?"

"Hi, Mum, Daphne," George said from the doorway.

"Back again, George?" Mrs Weasley asked with a smile. "Might as well move back in if you're going to be here at all hours of the day."

"Maybe I should," he said, moving over to Daphne and kissing her on the cheek. "What's wrong?"

"Your mum's trying..."

"George! What a good idea. Take her to buy some new robes, will you? She's been fighting me for weeks now."

"Absolutely."

"No, I don't..."

"None of that now, Daph. We'll have a time together. The shop's in good hands."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, Ron's there, him and Harry both. I don't guess they'll blow up the place if I leave them to it."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course." He crossed his arms in front of his chest. "You've still not used any Galleons from your Gringotts vault?"

"No."

"That's yours. It's only fair."

She shook her head firmly.

"Daphne, are you daft?" he asked sharply.

"George!" Mrs Weasley interjected.

"Fred's share is in there. He'd want her to have it. I've told her that before."

"If we'd been married, I wouldn't feel this way, but as it is..."

"Does a binding make a difference then? It's just two names signed on a parchment. You've got the ring he gave you and his word of what he wanted. That's what should matter to you."

She simply shrugged. "I'll get my cloak."

"Ah, why not pack a bag and stay over tonight? Like I said, we'll make a night of it."

Mrs Weasley nearly dropped the pot she was hauling off the stove. "S-sorry," she stammered.

"Go on," George said, gesturing to her with his hands. "Pack a bag."

Once she was gone, Mrs Weasley looked at him sternly. "What are you trying to do, George?"

"What do you mean?"

She shook her head and turned her back on him, busying herself with cleaning.

"Would it be so bad, Mum?" he asked quietly, knowing what she was thinking.

"Actually... no."

"Think he'd mind?"

Molly turned back to face him, tears in her eyes. "I think he'd want it," she said, nodding her head. "She's a daughter to me now anyway... might as well make it official."

"If she'll have me," George said quietly. He quickly straightened up when they heard her coming back down the stairs. "Ready?"

Daphne smiled. "Yes. Oh, Mrs Weasley, would you like me to help you first? This is no rush."

"Go on with you," she said, shooing them away.

Later that evening, George decided to broach the subject, uncertain how. His voice cracked slightly as he said her name. "Daphne?"

"Hmmm?"

"What are you thinking about?"

She sat up and stretched. "I was just watching the fire in the grate."

"Nothing on your mind?"

"Your family, they've all been so good to me. Thank you."

"There's something I want to ask you." He decided to just say it and see how things went.

"Of course."

"Could you be happy with me?"

"Sorry?"

"You and me, married."

"I... George? Did your mum put you up to this?"

"No, I've been thinking about it for a while now...all the time actually. What do you think?"

She shook her head. "I think you're trying to do right by me because of Fred."

"It's not just that. I... You know how I always joke that Fred and I both fancied you? Well, it's the truth. We both did, but when you took to him, I backed away."

"I didn't know you were serious about that. Why didn't you say anything?"

"You were Fred's girl."

"Did he know?"

"Of course, the lucky git. Was right smug about it, too."

She smiled. "George, I appreciate what you're trying to do, but..."

"But I'll never be him," he said wistfully. "Right then."

"No, I wasn't going to say that."

"No?"

"I don't want you chained to me out of some misguided code of honor. People aren't hard on single mothers these days. That's not a problem. After I have the baby, your mum will help watching her, and I can get a job."

"Money's not an issue! You have Fred's share. Don't you think he'd want his child cared for? We always said we'd never have our kids live poor like we did growing up, and we meant that."

"Do you love me?" she asked bluntly.

He sat back and stared blankly at her.

"Exactly. I'm for bed. Good night."

When she stood, he said, "Hang on. Where are you going?"

"I'm tired, and I... oh! George."

He shot up quickly. "Something wrong?"

She took his hand. "Just there. Do you feel her?"

"What the bloody hell was that? A punch? I think we've got a little Beater in there!"

"Again. Feel it?"

"Yeah... it's great."

"She never does it when anyone's around! Thought it was all in my mind for a while there."

He swallowed. "Could you love me?"

"What would everyone think?" She backed away from him. "Just stop," she added when he tried to follow her. "I know you mean well, but let's just leave it at that... please. I don't want to lose you over something like this."

And then she was gone and, with her, his chance to say what was on his mind.

After a few weeks had passed, George decided to try this luck again. "Daphne, how far along are you now?"

"I just reached my ninth month a couple of days ago."

"Nine months? Shouldn't you be in labor?"

She laughed, placing both hands on her swollen belly. "No, silly, not until the end of the ninth month: forty full weeks."

"Oh. I wanted to tell you that the answers to your questions are yes and who cares."

"What questions? You've only just come in."

"First, you asked if I loved you, and I was scared to tell you then because it felt like voicing it wouldn't be right." He shrugged. "But how could it not be?"

Sighing, Daphne said, "George, you're just being kind, and I appreciate that, but we can't."

"Why? The other question you asked about what everyone would say about us? They would want this. They can see how right this is, so why can't you?"

"Your mum..."

"Would love us together."

"Fred would..."

"Ask what the hell's taken so bloody long."

She shook her head and turned away from him.

"Now I want you to answer the question I asked you that night. And be honest."

"I've been thinking about that question every day since," she admitted, sniffing slightly.

"And?"

"And it's not fair to you, is it?"

"What do you mean?"

"I do have feelings for you. I could say that I love you and could fall in love with you, but what if it's only... only because you're so like him? How could I live with not

knowing the truth? How could you?"

"To love one twin is to love the other. Fred's still here inside me, and if you can spare enough love for both of us, it's good enough for me." He stepped closer and turned her to face him. "I'll be a good dad to the baby. Everything Fred would have taught her, would have said, would have felt... I can do it." He caressed her cheek. "I want a life with you... with her... and with any other kids we might have. Marry me, Daphne."

"Okay," she said with a nod. "I want that, too. Really, I do."

As they pressed against each other and kissed chastely for the first time, the baby tried to move between them, causing them both to laugh and pull away.

"Looks like Fredericka wants it, too," George said.

"Fredericka? I don't think so."

"What? Why not? After her dad." He grinned. "Means peaceful ruler. Maybe she'll win your parents over and bring peace between them and us."

Daphne grinned. "You're too much, you know. I expect she'll no longer be a baby when Dad gets out of Azkaban, but maybe Mum could be won over at that." Taking George's hand, she added, "We'll think about her name, all right?"

"Together."

"Yes."

"Well, let's pop on over and let Fred know, shall we?"

"What? Now?"

"Why not? I've got a few new jokes I want to pass along to him. Been a couple of weeks since I've visited his grave."

"Me too. I'd like that, George."

She's nearly here, Fred: a part of you.

AN I know it's short, but I was trying a different writing style. I hope you like it.

I chose this prompt and changed it a little:

20. Fred's girlfriend (you decide who) goes to George after the funeral to tell him that she's pregnant with Fred's baby. George decides he would like to raise his brother's child. How can he convince her to marry him? Does she? What do others think?